

the smell of begonias in the cool night air
and eventually I hear them all.

Then I stand and sigh,
pull the shade
retire to my bedroom.

As I take off my goofy vestments, the real or imaginary problems I have
solved or complicated
sadden me for a moment, but no longer than that.
In fact, the entire period of grief consists of just the time it takes
to lay my head on the pillow and whisper
Boo Hoo.

Then I grin, turn out the light
and go to sleep.

Pour Vous, Agnes

You have stopped at the Smile Shop on your way
Home, and now your purchase hangs precariously
In front of your teeth.

You are secure because you know I cannot leave
The house. You think I tinker away my time
On nonsense.

That is all you know. Right now in the basement
There is the slightest glow and the tiniest hum
From a machine of my own invention.

The gears and pulleys from my first wife's heart,
The screws that were loose for so long, the levers
And chains of my misfortunes: they are all
Cunningly assembled into a device which will,
I feel certain, take your breath away.